

January 18, 1933

"Hey, Bill, I want that magazine you got from me last night. I want to read it this afternoon."

"What's on at the show today?"

Walking into the room Fish Sloan saw Matthews sitting in his chair, his head resting in the crook of his arm on the table.

"Wake up, Matt. It's time for dinner!"

Matthews did not stir and Fish Sloan, getting tired of yelling at him, turned, grabbed him by the shoulder and shook him. Still getting no response, he walked to the other side of the room and got a glass of water.

"Well, if this doesn't wake you up, nothing will. For cripes sake, WAKEUP!"

Sloan, suddenly frightened, jerked the boy up in his chair and felt of his heart. There was no sign of pulsation.

"My God! He's dead."

He dashed out of the room and up the stairs three at a time.

Captain Jim Pennycuick was puffing quietly on the old pipe which must have tasted better than the odor it expelled when Sloan burst into the room out of breath, his face a mask of terror.

"Mr. Pennycuick, Matthews is dead! I can't wake him up! Come down and see if you can!"

Pennycuick, thinking that this was just another of the little jokes the freshmen like to play on the Seniors, failed to be interested, and removing his pipe from the corner of his mouth, looked quizzically at him. The freshman was either a good actor or something was wrong sure enough. He had never seen such abject terror as was on the freshman's face.

"What are you trying to do, Fish Sloan, kid me?"

"No, sir. Honest, Mr. Pennycuick, something's wrong." Sloan's voice broke. "I shook him as hard as I could and threw water on him and he won't move. Then I felt of his heart and it's as still as that table. Please come down and look at him."

Pennycuick laboriously removed himself from the chair and picking up his hat said, "Fish Sloan, if this is a joke, I'm going to beat the devil out of you."

"It's no joke. Please hurry, Mr. Pennycuick." Fish Sloan literally flew down the steps.

The body was just as Fish Sloan had left it when he and Pennycuick entered the room. There were still spots of water on the neck of the boy where the stream thrown from the glass by Sloan had struck. Pennycuick, still thinking that it was a joke and that the freshman would suddenly raise, bent carefully over and felt of the heart. There was no throb, no sign of life. When he straightened up, some of Fish Sloan's terror was in his own eyes.

"Fish Sloan, run over to the Commandant's

Office as fast as you can and get some one to come over here. Hurry now, before they leave. If you can't find anyone over there try Mrs. Parkhill's Cafe. Joe Davis will probably be there eating. While you're over there, go by the Guard Room and tell the Officer of the Day, no wait a minute, they're at the Mess Hall, so go by there



"And now," Joe leaned over Colonel Mitchell's desk, his voice hoarse with suppressed excitement, "Call in Casey! We'll grill that bird!"

on your way to Parkhill's and tell him to call Colonel Mitchell. Hurry now!"

Fish Sloan ran as though his life depended on it. Pennycuick then called a freshman and told him to go over to the Hospital and get Dr. Marsh.

Boys pulling on overcoats, sweaters, and
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